

# Good Morning 304

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## RON RICHARD'S "SHOP TALK"

E.R.A. ANDREW HOLLAND leaned over the counter on Saturday and told me it was good to be in England again. Although he had been in Germany three years and given it a fair trial, he much preferred to be in Sussex by the sea.

At his Worthing home he recalled to me his capture, when the crew of H.M. Submarine "Shark" was taken aboard a German prison ship in July, 1940.

They met up with several other crews from time to time (though every effort was made to keep submariners as far apart as possible), and in spite of inferior food, he's sure they will all live to tell the tale. He was lousy all the while. In fact, the only time he stopped scratching was during his thirteen operations.

I hope you meet Holland. He will dispel any real horrors of German prison camps, but will nevertheless make you appreciate a nice warm berth for'd.

To his numerous friends, accrued during seventeen years in the Navy, he sends greetings. He hopes to be with you again.



E.R.A. ANDREW HOLLAND AND FAMILY

with six rifles and three revolvers slung round his neck. Not until he had sunk two or three fathoms with the weight did he decide to abandon his prize, and it was a chagrined stoker who eventually rose to the surface to be hauled inboard, for he had lost his seaboots, too.

SUB-LIEUT. LINDEN contributes this story:

On this particular occasion "Unseen" went in pursuit of two large landing craft, and sank the leading one with two torpedo hits.

"She just blew up in small pieces. We had only one torpedo left, and were determined to make certain of the craft with it. We followed it to the mainland before we could get in our attack. The vessel was moored alongside a jetty.

"Away went our only fish. It missed the vessel, but hit the jetty, and all that could be seen afterwards was the three Dornier 24 flying-boats,

tangled remains of a jetty, two an R-boat and some type of buildings demolished, six with-landing craft. Several sea-out roofs, and a very much dam-planes were flying around.

"Then they were identified as

"Nine hours after the attack, I saw objects on the horizon which looked like prehistoric

"I closed, and saw that another Dornier 24 had landed

work for a miss."

one of the Dornier flying-boats

was very great, but we decided to fire at the R-boat which was packed with troops. I saw the target disintegrate. The depth-charges exploded rather unexpectedly. They may have come from the vessel we had just sunk.

"It was comforting to think

that those charges were having a worse effect on the troops in the water than on us."

When Lieut. Piper brought

the submarine to periscope

depth some minutes later, there

was no sign of the other vessel

or of the aircraft.

## BACON AND CHIPS FOR O/S JOHN

WHILE Ordinary Seaman John Rafferty is playing his part with the Navy, his mother, Mrs. Mary Rafferty, is bravely keeping the home fires burning by working in a pottery, and sister Margaret, though only thirteen, is busy on the kitchen front.

You have every reason to be proud of them both, John. When we paid a visit to your home at 40 Gordon Road, Sandiford, Stoke-on-Trent, Margaret was just coming from school. In businesslike fashion she put on her little apron and got busy with the frying pan. Mother was still at work.

"Tell John when he comes home I'll fry him some bacon and chips," said the little chef of the Rafferty home. "That's what John likes, and we'll see he gets it."

"Every day I cook my own dinner, so I'm getting my hand in. When I get home from school this afternoon I shall cook something for mother. She comes home a bit tired, and I like to have all ready for her so that she can sit down to a nice meal as soon as she comes in."

"Well, John, you can rest assured that your mother is in very good hands while you are away. She's fine, Margaret says, and you have nothing to worry about on that score. Little Margaret

thinks you're the finest sailor in all the world, and she's as proud of the way your mother keeps the home fires burning as no doubt you are yourself. All send their fondest love, John. Good Hunting!

RAFFERTY

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# ANOTHER REVOLUTION BEGINS

I STARTED to break up house, selling what I could and giving the rest away. Then I had a stroke of luck. The Booth liner, "Gregory," came up to Iquitos. The "Gregory" was a ship I had sailed in years before. I had known the master, Captain Aspinall, when he was a mate. He is now retired and living on pension in Sefton Park, Liverpool.

I approached him with great diplomacy, asking, "What would you do if you found me stowed away in the 'Gregory'?"

"I'd make you work like hell, and dump you ashore at the first port," he said.

I showed him Dr. Dickey's letter, and told him I was hard-up. He rubbed his chin for a minute.

"Get on board. I'll take you to Barbados."

Knowing that I was sure of a job as soon as I reached Dr. Dickey, I had spent more than I intended. Then I learned that Dr. Dickey had now severed his connection with the Customs service and left Santo Domingo City and was at the Ansonia sugar estate at Azua, down in the south of the island. I hurried to a post office and sent a telegram to Ansonia, saying I was in Santo Domingo—broke. That made a big hole in my five dollars. Then I hung round the post office like a thirsty remittance man, watching for the mail.

I spent a bad four hours picketing that post office. If Dr. Dickey had gone back to

## WANGLING WORDS—259

1. Put a box in ORRA, and make music.

2. Rearrange the letters of TOIL TEARS, to make a famous philosopher.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BROWN into WHITE, BUNK into AWAY, AIRS into TUNE, SMITH into JONES.

4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from TEMPERAMENTAL?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 258

1. BEVERIDGE.
2. POOR HOUSE.
3. DUKE, DUNE, DONE, DOLE, DOLL, DULL, FULL, FURL, CURL, CURE, CARE, CARS, EARS, EARL.

KING, KING, BIND, BEND, LEND, LEAD, LEAR.

ALONE, ATONE, STONE, SHONE, SHORE, SPORE, SPORT, APORT, APART.

SIDE, SITE, SITS, PITS, AITS, ARTS, ARMS.

4. Rich, Star, Rats, Arts, Stir, Hist, This, City, Scar, Shin, Shay, Chat, Char, Chit, Chin, Stay, Tarn, Cast, Cart, Cant, Rain, Rant, Thin, Than, etc.

Saint, Stain, Satin, Train, Chain, Chair, Tarns, Rants, Chars, Rains, Stair, Antic, etc.

## JANE



The boys thought it a great joke that the only teetotaller

in the mess should be the scapegoat for their exuberant thirsts, but I began to get angry. I went to Baxter and told him that I did not tap his jugs, that the doctor would not let me drink, and that I could pay for my own rum—if I wanted it.

Whipple followed his instructions to the letter, and the ice-plant blew to pieces with a bang that was heard all over the city. Having barely escaped with his life, Whipple tried to explain to Baxter that he had been led up the garden by the disgruntled dago, but the chief replied with his usual "That may be" and fired him. And I succeeded Whipple.

When I introduced myself, Whipple grabbed my hand, saying, "Come and have a drink! I can't get out of here quick enough!" Baxter hasn't the guts to call you a liar, but he's calling you one all the time. If I stay here listening to that old devil's 'That may be' any longer I'll flatten him with a spanner."

On July 4 a dance was held in the annexe. I helped with the decorations, which were mostly Stars and Stripes and Japanese lanterns. All the elite of the native population were invited, and the place soon reeked with brilliantine, perfume and garlic. Now, no grown man dances in cold blood, and, since the doctor had forbidden me alcohol, I sat alone on the veranda outside, feeling low and dispirited.

About ten o'clock, when the dance was in full swing, Baxter came out and called me aside. I thought something had gone wrong with the lights. He said,

"You lay off that punch-bowl and keep away from the cocktails. I've already had to send Martin to his room. Now you're drunk, and I'll have to send you."

I tried to argue, but the old gentleman had made up his mind. I was so angry that I went up to town to Julia La Gallega's and got nicely stewed, in defiance of the doctor's orders. Next morning Baxter met me with his customary "How doo you doo?"

"Burke," he said, "I must congratulate you! You are the most sensible drunk I ever met. Last night, when I told you to keep away from that punch, you knew you were pickled, and went straight to your room. That's what I call a sensible drunk."

I did my best to explain that I was under the weather and had not had a drink for months, but could get no satisfaction beyond the eternal "That may be."

Baxter drank very little himself, and there were always half-a-dozen jugs in his cupboard, containing from a pint to a gallon. Sometimes the boys' stock ran out, and they would pilfer some of the old man's frozen capital to make punch. Thinking that he did not miss it, they treated themselves more and more generously with every raid. Then a case of whisky vanished in a night. Baxter told a lawyer named Vedder that I was a good fellow, but drank his rum.

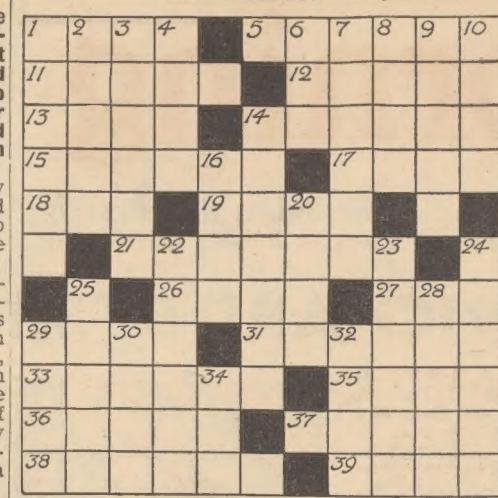
I went into Port Ozama and told Arias my mission. He said, "All right, Burke, you have carta blanca." He seemed very cheerful, and when I asked him if he would win he answered, "Yes, if the goddam Yankees keep their noses out of it."

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Splendour.

- 5 Chatter.
- 11 Medicine from plant.
- 12 Grating sound.
- 13 Capital of Peru.
- 14 Loll.
- 15 Opposed.
- 17 Durable timber.
- 18 Number.
- 19 Red pigment.
- 21 Traveller.
- 26 Sort of knot.
- 27 Deer.
- 29 Young cricketer.
- 31 Bodyguard.
- 33 About.
- 35 Entice.
- 36 Slight error.
- 37 Theme of discourse.
- 38 Glides away.
- 39 Tax.



### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Roof of mouth.
- 2 Girl's name.
- 3 Importance.
- 4 Fruit.
- 5 Past.
- 7 Animal's name.
- 8 Hop stem.
- 9 Boy's name.
- 10 Smoke.
- 14 Erudite.
- 16 Swing round.
- 20 Young animals.
- 22 Blunt.
- 23 Set of performers.
- 24 Discover.
- 25 Red shade.
- 28 Sort of Iris.
- 29 Young animal.
- 30 Bound easily.
- 32 Coagulate.
- 34 Meshed fabric.

YES	GAFF	H
ENID	VIOLIN	
ADZE	EXPERT	
REEFER	WEE	
A	INTAKEN	
GRIND	BESET	
L	NESTLE	M
OWN	RENDER	
SIESTA	EIRE	
SPREAD	RAGS	
YE	WREN	LET

8. What gifts did the Three Wise Men take to Bethlehem?

9. In what game is the expression "a floofer" used?

10. What was the first main-line terminus built in London?

11. When is Lord Mayor's Show Day?

12. Name four authors whose names begin with A.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 303

1. Vagrant.
2. (a) Max Pemberton, (b) Hall Caine.
3. Chameleon is a lizard; others are precious stones.
4. Kenya-Uganda line, 9,130 feet.
5. 1908.
6. Catherine, Catherine, Catherine, Ann, Anne, Jane.
7. Inheritor, Ignoramus.
8. Jackie Paterson.
9. 35 m.p.h.
10. Acorn.
11. Stockholm.
12. Perry.

## ROUND THE WORLD

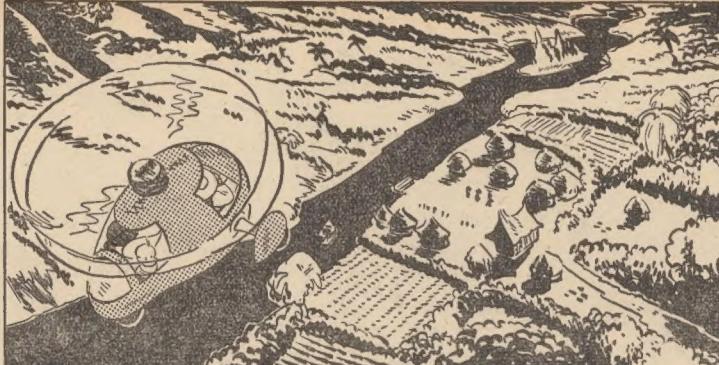
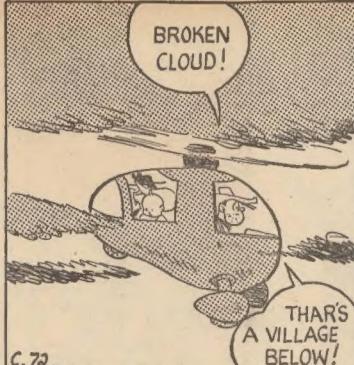
with our  
Roving Cameraman



HELPING LITTLE BROTHER WONG.

Well, there isn't much difference between little Brother Wong's wooden nursery guard and the nursery guards we have in Britain for Little Brother Bill. Except that Little Brother Wong has his ration of rice, and here is being fed with chopsticks by the eldest of the family. And if you look at Little Brother Wong closely you'll see the same expression on his face as often comes into that of Little Brother Bill. "Have I got to eat all this stuff, really?"

## BEEZEBUB JONES



C.72.

## BELINDA



C.72.

## POPEYE



C.72.

## RUGGLES



C.72.

## GARTH



C.72.

## JUST JAKE



C.72.

# Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

## NEW SUPER-BOMBER.

I AM indebted to a high officer of a certain Allied Air Force for the following particulars of the new COD super-bomber designed by Wool Worth, the famous American stratospherist.

This machine, which will shortly be in full production, has a wing span of at least twice as much and will be propelled by half as many again of the new motorless engines (or engineless motors, I am not quite certain).

Run on a mixture of ullage and demurrage, it will carry three times as big a load for, probably, twice the distance in next to no time. The COD carries a crew of just under umpteen men and will fly as high as right up.

Whilst the bomber is characterised by a combination of unusual simplicity and extraordinary complexity, it takes ever so long to build. Recent tests prove that it will accomplish ever so much in all sorts of ways.

Its only serious disadvantage seems to be that its cost bears no relation to its efficacy—that is, judged by expert calculations which have proved nothing.

Its appearance is unusual, for it looks like a cross between the Leaning Tower of Pisa and Stonehenge.

\* \* \* \*

## A BUSY MINISTER.

MEETING the Right Hon. Richard Dithery the other evening at the Sahibs, I was able to congratulate him on his appointment as Minister without Portmanteau.

"Dicky" Dithery, it will be recalled, did yeoman service during the last war as Controller of Superintendents of Supervisors of Staff Substitutes, a position for which he was eminently qualified by his long experience as Professor of World Finuchery at Gosport.

At the outbreak of the present war he was made Minister for Mothercraft, and occupied, subsequently, the posts of Secretary of State for Surpluses, Minister of State in the Antarctic, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Chester.

In reply to my query as to how he liked his present job, he told me that he had had no time, as yet, to get down to it.

He was still engaged in clearing up details in connection with the schemes he sponsored for Mothercraft Missions, the Segregation of Surplus Spinsters, the Liquidation of the Frozen Assets of Patagonia, and the Classification of Cheshire Cheese and the Control of Cheshire Cats.

"Dicky," who is a cheery bird, hopes, however, to be able shortly to get to work on a couple of plans which have for long been very near to his heart—Bonuses for Bachelors' Babies and Assistance for Art and Agriculture amongst Australian Aborigines.

He is also Chairman of the new greyhound racing track just erected on Tristan da Cunha, as an expression of the new spirit of responsibility for Far Off Little Bits of Empire.

He is President, too, of the Society for the Suppression of Chronic Hiccoughs, and "Chief Dadda" of the Pessimistic Parents' Union.

"Dicky" married Mona Lisa, eldest daughter of the last Doge of Venice and Venus de Milo, the famous professional beauty.

\* \* \* \*

## A DENIAL.

I AM able to deny, on the best authority, that there is any truth in the rumour that General Franco, the head of the Spanish State, is related to either Ronald, the well-known comedian, or to Gilbert, the author. It is suggested that the report originated in Nazi circles and was circulated with a desire to complicate the genuine desire for better relations between Spain and ourselves.

\* \* \* \*

## ODO DREW, FAILED M.P.

ONE of the results of the last war was such an extension of the franchise that nowadays everybody has a vote. I would like to suggest that after this war fifty per cent. of votes are taken away. I may be, of course, a bit bitter.

The reason? Being approached recently to stand as a candidate for a certain constituency, I was turned down after I had addressed the local bigwigs. And all I said was—

"I cannot subscribe to any local funds as I haven't got the money. I can't promise anything, because as a private Member no one will let me do anything. As I shall have to do what I am told, it doesn't matter a damn whether or not I have any ideas of my own."

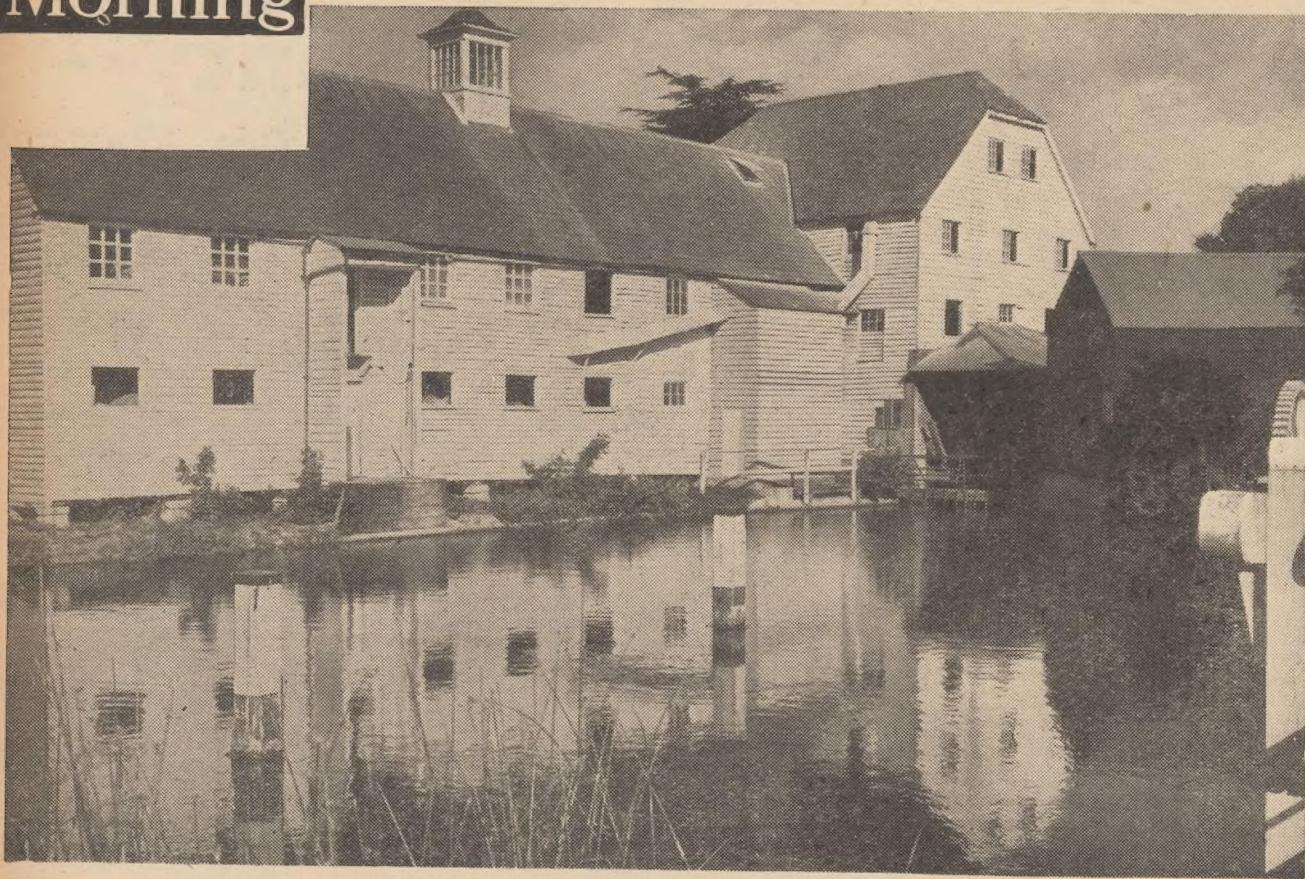
"From what I have seen of the average voter, he hasn't got any ideas that could possibly be put into effect. And, finally, as the electorate has not been consulted on any definite major issue for twenty years, what the hell?"

Another bloke on the short list said he stood for a new heaven and a new earth; so he was unanimously chosen to stand.

Good  
Morning

# This England

Hambleden Mill on a  
Thames backwater,  
near Henley.

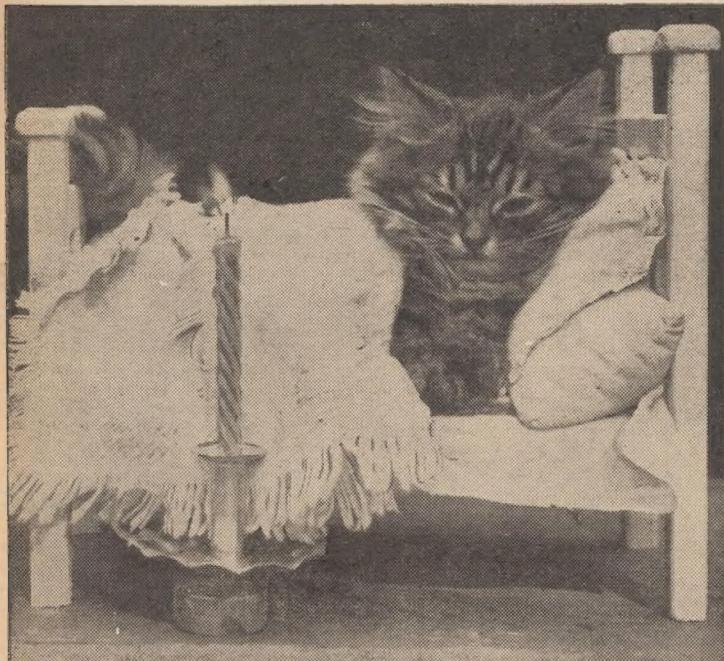


"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"



There's nothing like starting young if you mean to go places, or even if you mean to stay put—on the pavement.

"WAS THE WATER  
COLD, SISTER ?"



"BUT, SURELY, CATS DON'T NEED  
A LIGHT AT NIGHT"

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"This sort does me,  
this weather."

